

The hens are selfishly using all the egg food for the sole purpose of getting fat.

When we can vote by touching a button the women should be proficient in the useful art.

A Korean mob has wrecked an American trolley car at Seoul. Dispute over a transfer, probably.

Felix Adler wants to know why a wife ought to obey her husband. Mrs. Adler is to be congratulated.

It is claimed that Scotch whisky in this country is not so good as it used to be. But that seems hardly credible.

Maude Gonne is a ma, and will for a while at least be more interested in baby foods than in the Irish question.

Warships are always a safe investment. Wars threaten frequently enough to make a constant market for them.

Long Island sound was frozen from New Haven to Hell Gate—which is evidence that Hell Gate is not rightly named.

One day the war cloud in the East is larger than a man's hand, and the next day it is smaller than a society girl's foot.

The American "hello" is a part of the language wherever the telephone is used. But the American hello girl is all our own.

Smith Paine of Wolfboro, N. H., cut an old-growth pine recently that scaled 1,500 feet. There are a few of the old maids left.

Prominent New York men have given a complimentary dinner to Prof. Langley, but would they risk their lives in his aerodrome?

The most distressing thing about slippery sidewalks is that somebody always happens to be looking when your feet go heavenward.

The adoption of the automobile, with its gasoline tank, by the empress of China brings her within the sphere of Mr. Rockefeller's influence.

Gen. Joe Wheeler says that he is deeply interested in war, but hardly at all in politics. And yet war is only politics carried to an extreme.

If an ordinary old one-dollar bill harbors 96,000,123 germs, how many could get aboard and lodging on a veteran twenty-dollar note of commerce?

President Looze says the fear of poverty is one great drawback to success. All that's necessary for him who wishes to succeed is to get rich first. How easy!

Basketball has become most popular among the girls in some of the women's universities, but it usually gives place in time to the safer game of market basket.

Many a man whose brain is something under the 54-ounce record of George Francis Train can remember days when it certainly felt as if it weighed 54 pounds.

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Prof. Harper sneered at Boston as being "narrow and provincial," and Boston never said a word. Then one of his faculty called Boston "pseudo-monocytoidonous," and now there is going to be trouble!

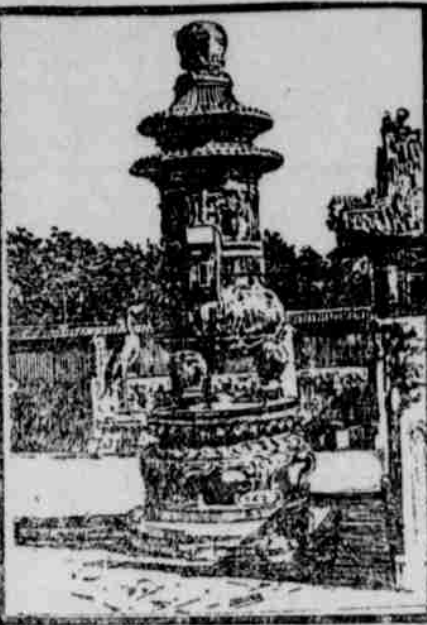
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## DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA WILL FIGHT TO SAVE ANCESTRAL TOMBS



PAVILION BEFORE AN EMPEROR'S TOMB



INCENSE BURNER BESIDE TOMB OF PRESENT EMPEROR'S GRANDFATHER



GROUP OF TOMBS OF MANCHU DOWAGER EMPRESS

### THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

Responsibility That Is Their Heritage on Earth.

The birthday of Lincoln is approaching its centennial, for he was born ninety-five years ago of a wonderful mother, of whom the world knows, alas, too little.

Nancy thanks! I know not what fortune, hitherto suggestive there is in this name of elegant pride and girlish coquetry. But whatever buoyant song her soul might have sung under happier skies, that gentle soul was all too sensitive to the hard conditions of her environment.

She dropped, and the rose cheeks grew wan, and the great soft eyes were troubled in their depths, and the eager, questioning spirit was numbed by the riddle of her life and the burden of its sorrows. If the wind laughed in the sun, it sobbed in the night. If the spirits of the forest whispered hope they sometimes shrieked despair. If the clouds, like water fowl, roiled on the bosom of her woodland pool, they also hung like shadows above her brooding heart.

And so, the mourning of the wind and the shadows of the clouds, and the heaving sighs of the earth and sky, and the mystery and pathos, and tragedy of life passed into her nature and became part of it, and into the nature of Abraham, her son, sole heir to her tenderness, her watchfulness, her destiny.

It has been said that in every great man there is something of the child, and I would add: Yes, and of the woman. Napoleon was not great—he was monstrous. True greatness has in it a depth of tenderness and a well spring of melancholy, through which there may bubble up sometimes an iridescent humor. Lincoln could catch the rainbow colors of a joke even through the prism of his tears. A great man is a religious man. In his soul there is a mystery of love, too vague, thank heaven, to limit by a theology. Lincoln's religion was a creedless Christianity.

His physique, his strength—like the strength of a gorilla—his physical attributes were inherited from his father, but his soul was given him by his mother, who, dowered with no earthly thing, gave all that she had of heaven—her motherhood, herself. "All that I am," said Abraham Lincoln, "I owe to my mother."

Now, Prof. Drummond in that great book of his, called "The Ascent of Man," has taught us the holy munction of that word—mother. He has revealed to us how all the forces of the universe, through countless ages and millenniums, have conspired and aspired to produce this final, crowning miracle of God—the miracle of motherhood. Mother! Handmaid of God—elect of heaven! Not even to us a girl is vouchsafed the care of life new made; you, you only are deemed worthy of the charge! Not chastity nor seraphim may nurse a human soul; a mother's heart cradles man's first and only innocence! Henry D. Earnbrook.

### Royal Carpet of Values.

In the ethnographic museum of Rotterdam may now be seen a beautiful carpet which the shah of Persia recently presented to Queen Wilhelmina as a souvenir of his visit to Holland some time ago. Woven into the carpet is the following inscription in Persian: "Presented by His Majesty Hozaffer ed Din, Shah, Emperor of Persia, to Her Majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland. In the year of the Hedjira, 1320." The carpet measures thirty-six square yards and in each square yard there are 350,000 stitches.

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### A RUSSIAN DICK TURPIN.

Young Highwayman Who Robbed Wealthy to Succor the Poor.

"Solomon II. by the grace of God, King of the Jews." This was the way in which a very remarkable prisoner recently signed the prison book at Kioff (Russia).

His history is curious. He was a handsome, hard working student of the Kioff Seminary, but on finishing his course, wrote a correspondent, he immediately provided himself with a revolver, dagger and a number of forged papers and passed, and began a career of robbery and brigandage, which was marked throughout by consummate skill and forethought.

He murdered and stole on the highway, his victims in Kioff including a staff captain and a master of the watch. At his richly furnished apartments in Kioff he dispensed lavish hospitality to a circle of most respectable friends, who never suspected the source of his wealth.

His capture was brought about by the accidental protrusion of a revolver from his coat pocket while he was bargaining with a fur merchant. The latter pointed him out to a detective, and "Solomon II" was arrested and bound like a dangerous wild beast.

At the preliminary examination he confessed to a long series of robberies, the proceeds of which he appears to have dispensed largely in succoring the poor and the outcast. He denied any murders, however, professes penitence, and intimates his anxiety to expiate his misdeeds in the prayerful seclusion of a monastery.

### Azalais.

It was the maiden Azalais. And father was her hair to see. Than any garlanded golden sheaf—Than any ambered hidden leaf—Down drifting through the autumn days When the sweet autumn days grow brief; And of her deep eyes, verily It might be said, no power there lies Brooding, without or stain or stir, Beneath God's radiant reach of skies More wondrous than the eyes of her.

It was the maiden Azalais; And one time came with eagles of gold And gems from Ophir, and before Her feet outspread the precious store With cunning coined words of praise, With honey hearted melodies, And yet she looked upon him cold And laughingly, not smiling at all; For, thus to think to win her grace Who purify perfume! Were on the perfume of her face!

It was the maiden Azalais; And one bright moment in a bull, With two-edged falchion, scabbard drawn, That flashed as doth the blade of dawn, Made her obedient with bold gaze, And craved that she would think upon Love following thus, and all; He fled by conquest, all her own Would she but hearken to his suit; Well, how he smelt a sweet, she smelt him smelt! When with her seen, she smelt him smelt!

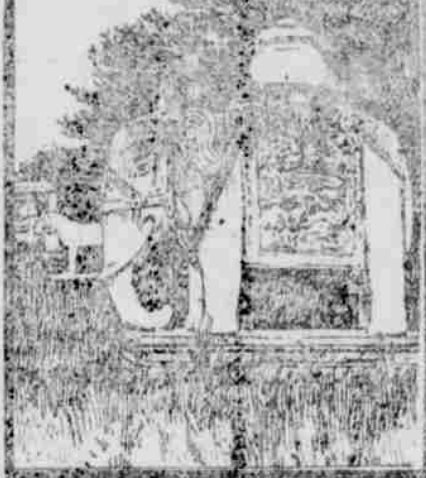
It was the maiden Azalais; And one in golden sunset end, Yet with a burning red as hers, Who knows the soul impassioned lies Of lady love, inside his eyes? Brought her; and her heart grew glad, Lusting to leave's sweet embraces; His dear and fair and fond demands, And when he said, "I love thee, and when For not through words nor fabled lands Love to his kingdom enters in!" —Clifton Scott.

### The Champion.

Once upon a time there was a certain grocery keeper who was very successful in accumulating money because he advertised to sell his wares at less than their cost his competitors.

There was a great wonder at his remarkable success and much speculation on the secret that he kept so well. Finally his secret was discovered when it was learned that all of the scales on which he weighed his goods were far out of balance, the ends on which the merchandise was placed being much heavier than the other ends.

Moral—A man can be a lightweight champion without being a pugilist.



ANIMAL FIGURES LINING ROAD TO TOMBS

### THE SUPPLY OF PLATINUM.

Very Much in Demand and Its Source Entirely Unknown.

One of the most valuable minerals of which the source of supply is very little known, and is consequently very limited, is that of platinum. In December, 1904, a discovery was made of a platinum group of metals in the copper ores of the Rambler mine in Wyoming. The uses of this metal would be greatly increased if it could be found in sufficient quantity to reduce the present high price and to make a certainty of a sufficient supply to warrant a further enlargement of its uses.

For very many purposes there has as yet been found no other metal that will perfectly take its place. The consequence is that the price of platinum keeps up almost equal to that of gold, and the demand for it has been somewhat increased in the last few years by the discovery of a use of osmium which occurs in a considerable extent in American platinum as the mineral osmeridium.

The present known deposits occur in three forms. First, in places, as exemplified by those in the Ural, Colombia, Brazil and British Columbia. Second, in veins, as at Tillyerode in the Hartz Mountains, Minas Geraes in Brazil, Santa Rosa in California, Beresovsk in Russia, Guadalupe Canal of Spain and the Rambler mine already mentioned. The third is by dissemination in eruptive rocks found in Canada, also as a native metal in basic eruptive rocks.

### Broke It Gently.

Danny O'Brien worked on the section and was as tender-hearted a man as ever got drunk and cracked a pair with a shillelagh. At the time of Pat Dunphy's great misfortune Danny was chosen by the section gang to break the news gently to Mrs. Dunphy.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Dunphy," said he. "Did ye hear about Pat?"

"I heard nothing about him since breakfast," she answered.

"Did he seem to be all right then?" "Sure he did."

"Ye noticed nothing wrong with his mind?"

"Nothing at all. Phew! do ye ask?"

"Well, I hear that his mind do be wanderin' a little."

"An' phew! do ye mean by that?"

"I mean he has lost his reason, Mrs. Dunphy."

"Lost his reason, is it? An' how did he do that?"

"Well, Mrs. Dunphy," said Danny, scratching his head. "I don't know exactly. Ye see, I wasn't close by when it happened. But I do be hearin' from the rest o' the lads that he fell across the track and a train cut his head off." —Brooklyn Eagle.

### DOWN IN THE EARTH.

Temperature Varies in Different Parts of the World.

In the report of the last coal commission the conclusion is arrived at that at a depth of 3,000 feet the temperature of the earth would amount to 98 degrees Fahrenheit, but it was considered that a depth of at least 4,000 feet might ultimately be reached in coal mining. The rate of increase, the commissioners thought, might for ordinary cases be assumed to be one degree Fahrenheit for every 60 feet, but it is really impossible to give any fixed rate of increase.

The report of the British association committee on underground temperatures during the last thirty years tends to show not only that the temperature gradient varies considerably in different localities, but that it is not easy to deduce a fixed law of increase applicable to all cases. In some parts of western America the heat at 5,000 feet is almost unbearable, while at the copper mine in north Michigan there is a rise of only four degrees Fahrenheit in a depth of 4,000 feet, although no artificial ventilation is reported to.

The temperature of the coal on discovery at the Rosebridge colliery in Lancashire was stated by the management to be 93 degrees Fahrenheit, but it afterward fell to 63 degrees Fahrenheit.—Engineering Magazine.

### MUST HAVE BEEN THE LIMIT.

Prof. Blank's Features Somewhat Hard to Imagine.

Senator Hopkins of Illinois tells of a lady of his acquaintance in Chicago who was recently compelled to compare her little boy for making a rude reference to the appearance of a certain visitor to her home.

"Now, Richard," said the mother sternly, "let me never again hear you speak in such disrespectful terms of Prof. Blank."

"Very well, ma," replied the youngster, "but he certainly is a homely man, isn't he?"

"That's very true, my child; but, all the same, you mustn't speak of it. Prof. Blank is a very estimable man."

"I guess he is, ma," went on the abashed, "but he's ugly." Then, entirely forgetting the maternal admonition, the tactless youngster added: "Why, ma, the professor is so ugly that when he makes a face he's handsomer than he is when he isn't making a face!"

Whereupon the mother collapsed.—New York Times.

### Lincoln and the Drummer Boy.

In the spring of 1864 Col. Fox stopped a few days in Washington with his regiment, the Twenty-seventh Michigan, on his way to join the army of the Potomac. While there he called on President Lincoln, who received him kindly and invited him and the officers of his regiment to attend a reception at the White House that evening, an invitation which was joyfully accepted.

When they arrived at the historical mansion the Colonel introduced his officers to the President, who greeted them warmly. But when the Colonel paused with the last one, Lincoln said:

"Why, Colonel, you've overlooked one of your soldiers!"

The Colonel did not understand, but following the direction of the President's gaze, he saw, staring himself away in an obscure corner where he hoped not to be noticed, his regimental drummer boy, who had stolen along behind his superiors.

And what did the great President do but walk over to the boy and take his hand, saying:

"My name is Abraham Lincoln. What is yours?"

He talked to the surprised and delighted lad until he put him entirely at his ease. Whether that drummer boy is still living or not is not known, but if he is, he has not forgotten that incident.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Hand of Time.

Old Time flies on his endless race Over land, over ocean, and in space. He reaches forth his speckled hand, And grasps his millions in the land. Men struggle hard that grasp to free; Time holds him fast, by his decree. Our plans, we make them to endure, But Time will end them—that is sure. Man carves his name upon the rock, The earth but quakes, and in the shock The name is lost as in the sand. When washed by ocean's busy hand, Then let our plans be made to save That endless life beyond the grave. —Fontaine.

### What Rip Forgot.

While Joseph Jefferson was brewing a toddy for himself and his distinguished guest, Ex-President Cleveland, he desecrated at length upon the high art of preparing a hot Scotch.

"If I do say it myself," observed the host, "I have an especial gift for serving hot Scotch. Billy Florence used to say that I should have been a barkeeper. Now try this, Mr. Cleveland, and let me know your verdict."

Several times Mr. Cleveland tasted the scorching liquid thoughtfully, naming the ingredients as he identified them. "Nutmeg, lemon, water, sugar," he mused approvingly. "But I don't imagine you would hold a position as barkeeper very long."

"What's wrong?" queried Mr. Jefferson anxiously.

"You might be a great success as attendant in a hot water hospital," said the ex-president, "but as a connoisseur of delectable drinks you're certainly a failure. You've forgotten to pour in the Scotch." —New York Times.

### Aids Antarctic Explorers.

Through the liberality of an anonymous donor the Scottish national expedition to the Antarctic regions will be able to continue its researches instead of returning home at an early date.



### No Race Suicide Here.

Behind two young women kindergarten teachers riding in an elevated train sat a drowsy old Irishman.

"How many children have you?" inquired one teacher of her companion.

"Twenty-two," was the reply. "How many have you?"

"I have only nineteen," was the answer.

"Faith," spoke up the Irishman, "it's aisy to see you're none of them race suicides." —New York Press.

### Chance to Get Even.

Mrs. Gabel—What do you think, George? When the doctor called the other day he asked me to put out my tongue, and when I did so he quite hurt me. He—

Mr. Gabel (interposing)—Did he tread on it?—Stray Stories.

### Would Not Hurt Them.

Stranger—Gracious! What a rude conductor!

Native—This is the elevated road, you know.

Stranger—Well, it wouldn't hurt the conductors to be a little more elevated.

### Genuine Joke.



Scared Freddy—I'm a professional humorist by trade, mum.

Lady—Then why don't you work at it?

F. F.—I do, mum. Everywhere I go I promise to work for me dinner.

### Hobson's Choice.

Hi Tragedy—Well, well, I never thought you'd condescend to take so small a part as the one you're cast for now.

Low Comedy—Well, I have to live. Hi Tragedy—Oh, was it that bad?

Low Comedy—Yes, I decided that a small role was better than no bread.

### Tossed and Roasted.

"I told him he'd have to choose between me and that big racing car of his. But he was infatuated with the machine."

"You threw him over, of course?"

"The big car waded into the trouble." —Automobile Magazine.

### It Was, Indeed.

"You look happy."

"Yes, I heard some good news today. My uncle is going to give me the money I need to start me in business."

"Ah! Then that's really what you may call 'capital news.'"

### Natural Deduction.

Hojax—I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Windig had blown his brains out any day.

Tomdix—Has he threatened to suicide?

Hojax—No, but he purchased a corset last week.

### A Sure Thing.



Hojax—I suffer so from shortness of breath.

Joax—Go see the doctor, and I'll soon stop that.

### Truth Pops Up.

"That is a curious looking cane, major," said the visitor. "A memento of the war of the rebellion, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the old veteran. "It was made from the hollow log I occupied at the famous battle of Bull Run."

### A Fool and Another.

"He wanted to bet, but I just told him that betting was a fool's argument," and that settled the discussion.

"Oh, I can't believe that you shut him up that easily."

"I'll bet you I did."

### Winter.

Yeast—When we get real cold weather they say we are getting a taste of winter. What is the taste of winter?

Crimsonback—Why, it's when it is bitter.